

The Evening World.

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NO OTHER WAY.

THE question is not whether the Central Powers want peace. There is not a shadow of doubt that they want peace. The question is how badly they want it and whether defeat has brought them to the point of preparation for the only kind of peace that will be granted them.

Further approach to that point may be measurable in the proposal of the new Imperial German Chancellor and in the reported readiness of the Austro-Hungarian Government for peace negotiations based on President Wilson's fourteen specific peace conditions.

Approach, however, is not arrival.

With the tide definitely turned and disaster rolling in upon the armies of Germany and her allies, both in the east and in the west, German desire for a speedy gathering around the peace table no doubt becomes daily more intense.

But is there any assurance that Germany does not see itself at that peace table as the arrogant and hitherto successful power that has stopped the conflict of its own accord while its hands still hold spoil enough to play off against the demands of the Allies?

It is unthinkable that the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy should sheathe their swords to talk peace with a German Government or nation in that frame of mind.

For the only conceivable armistice at the present stage Bulgaria has supplied the model—unconditional surrender.

Unless Germany and Austria desire peace to that extent the Foch pressure must continue unceasing, unrelaxing until they do.

There is no other way to end this war as it must be ended.

Let Americans remember that and permit no peace rumors to play Germany's game by slackening their war efforts or slowing down their subscriptions to the current \$6,000,000,000 Liberty Loan.

Pile up millions and prove to the Governments of Germany and Austria that the United States sees only one kind of victory and one kind of peace worthy of Americans who are fighting and dying to bring them nearer.

IN THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

THAT Americans can be relied upon to take a loss like that at the great munitions plant at Morgan, N. J., in true war spirit is shown by the fact that while the fire was still burning and the explosions continuing, War Department officials were quietly contracting with the company for immediate reconstruction.

Disasters of this sort must be expected by a nation that is turning out munitions faster than has ever been known before in the history of the world. Where there is great concentration of powerful explosives increased liability of natural accident is as much and more to be reckoned with than danger from enemy incendiaries.

It is easy to say that shells could be manufactured and stored in smaller quantities at more widely separated places. War involves more than one kind of extraordinary risk. Speed in handling and shipping shells may easily become a consideration higher than safety obtained at the slightest loss of immediate quantity and delivery.

New York took its rocking calmly until the Public Service Commission and Mayor Hylan stopped traffic in the tubes and across the bridges and started a general alarm on a rumor that somebody in Washington had said a magazine of 80,000 shells was likely to explode at any moment in the advancing flames and shake this city to its foundations.

That scores of thousands of persons penned up in lower Manhattan, unable to get away on anything but ferryboats, suffered nothing worse than discomfort was no fault of the Mayor or the Public Service Commission.

Authoritative word as to danger of this sort would, of course, have justified every precaution. But nobody seems to have bothered to find out where the information actually came from. No such message was sent from Washington and nobody in authority at the scene of the fire had issued any such warning as to the imminent danger of a catastrophic blast for which New Yorkers must prepare by opening windows and adjourning to open spaces.

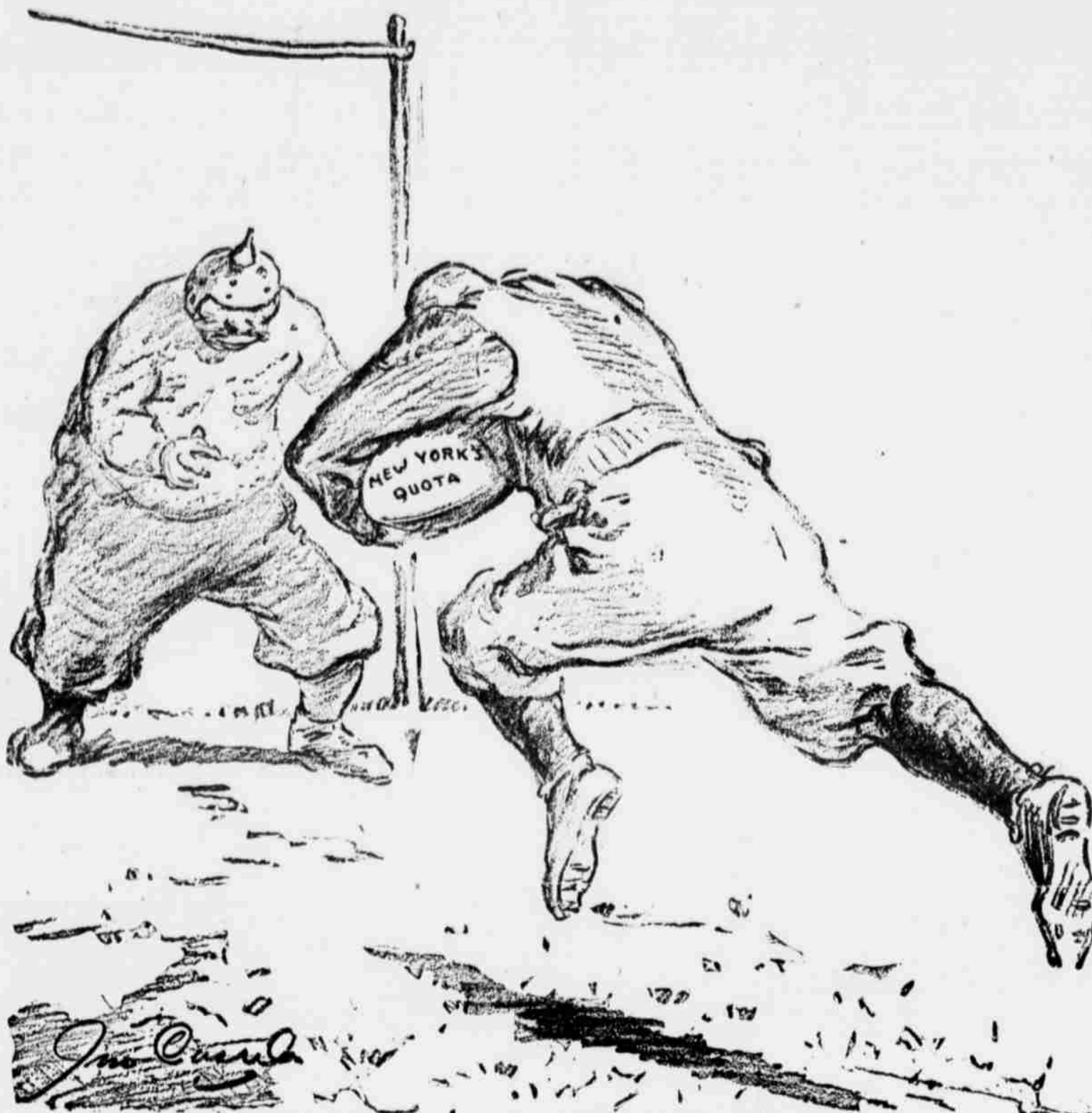
One of the lessons of the Morgan, N. J., disaster appears to be the desirability of fortifying the City Hall against the effects of flying rumors and scare reports on possible similar occasions in future.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Good intentions can wind the alarm clock, but it takes will power to get out of bed in the morning.—Toledo Blade.
Kleptomania may not be rated among the contagious diseases, but it is certainly taking—Philadelphia Record.
Reason why troubles do not come singly is that a flock of imagina y ones always accompanies the real ones.—Albany Journal.
Shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbage remain as suitable subjects to talk about, but soon there will be no kings.—Chicago News.
After the war what a matrimonial scramble there is going to be for the soldier boys who have learned to cook!—Baltimore American.
It's an even bet that this week saw the last primary with the heretofore class of office seekers on the tickets. The soldiers will be home before the next one.—Milwaukee News.
If a woman admits that she smokes you can safely believe anything she says.—Chicago News.
To err may be human, but to forgive erring systematically is not just human—it is feminine.—Columbia (S. C.) State.
The hen is the only worker who is excused for laying down on her job.—Columbia (S. C.) State.
Those who wait for dead men's shoes sometimes find them worn out when they come into possession of them.—Albany Journal.
The more women see of men the more they see to admire in mirrors.—Chicago News.
Happiness is made up of equal parts of appreciation of the good we have and gratitude for the relative triviality of our troubles.—Albany Journal.
The gentle wind is from the south, the peaches melt within your mouth, the chicken is in the chicken stew, the waffle is ready; say, are you?—Baltimore Sun.
However, even the mother who didn't raise her boy to be a soldier is mighty proud of the job the Government is doing along the line.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
The weight of the transgressor: the dishonest tradesman's scales.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Put It Across!

By J. H. Cassel



Strange Foods Used Making the Most of Our Children
By Our Allies

By Eleanor Clapp

WE are very apt to think, if we think about it at all, that the army rations of every land are a good deal alike. But this is not the case. The foods used are as varied as the nations taking part in the world conflict.
Some of the strangest foods, from our point of view, are used by the armies fighting the farthest away from us. The troops of the Chinese republic, now assisting the Allies in clearing the Bolsheviks and freed German prisoners from Siberia, carry their tea much more compactly than do the armies of Britain. Each Chinese soldier has a hard cake of tea from which he breaks off a bit whenever he has leisure to brew himself a cup. As the Chinese use neither milk, sugar nor lemon in tea the convenience of this arrangement can be readily seen. Compressed puffed rice bricks also are used by Asiatic troops, both Chinese and Japanese. These can be carried in the pocket and eaten on the march much as we nibble cakes of popcorn. Another Asiatic delicacy is the sun-dried goose gizzard. These gizzards are first opened, the contents cleaned out, and then the gizzards are dried by exposure to the sun until they have hardened. But these can be easily softened by soaking in water and then boiled. They are rich in protein and highly sustaining. For unknown centuries before the war these gizzards were considered a first class travel food among Asiatics.
Macaroni made of rice instead of wheat flour is used by some of the Indian forces now fighting in Palestine. This is mixed with hot water and can be prepared to eat in three minutes. Treen pith mixed with a little flour is sometimes eaten by these soldiers for breadstuff. It is decidedly more filling than nourishing, but is useful because it will assuage hunger for a time. A kind of macaroni made from buckwheat is also used. It is rather speckled and dingy in appearance. This is boiled or soaked in cold water, reduced to paste and eaten in that way.
The ration of sugar is much larger in these armies than the European, for all Orientals are greater consumers of sugar as a food than the Western nations, even though they drink their tea unadorned. The sugar used is called in the trade "solar made sorghum cane," and is made in bars and tablets. They also have a sort of reddish fruit sugar in bars. All these

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Eastern sugars have a stronger flavor of the cane than do the sugars used here.
The Arab forces now assisting the British carry, among other things, sausages made of goat's meat. These are preserved without salt, but a pure dark red wine is used which naturally gives this dainty a vinous odor and flavor. The Koran or sacred book of the Mohammedans forbids the use of wine or any intoxicating beverage as a drink but not as a preservative. The Arabs also carry a kind of dry date which never reaches our markets. These are clearly to handle, not at all sticky, and can be carried loose in the pocket as easily as marbles. From this kind of date is made the famous "gur" or date sugar of Baghdad which comes in a hard pancake.
Oysters dried in the sun and strung on a splinter of bamboo are carried by some of the soldiers of Turkey now fleeing the Arab forces. These oysters are often suspended about the neck. When hungry all that is necessary is for the soldier to break one off and eat it. They are far more nourishing than appetizing.
The end of the story is more interesting. The father suddenly became very stern and tried to hold Jimmy. But Jimmy squealed and began to strike at his father, ruffing up his hair. This, of course, was followed quite naturally by a spanking, thus ending the scene with a crying spell. That incident was amusing—and yet, in a sense, it was a tragedy. This child in effect was given a most impressive lesson in disobedience. In the future he will receive many whippings intended to teach him obedience, but all the whippings put together will not counteract the effect of a few such lessons as that described.
Laughing at disobedience is a crime. Many persons have pointed the finger of shame at a youth or young man having committed some crime, who were themselves partially responsible without knowing it. Child training is not such a haphazard sort of thing after all.
One child through inheritance may be harder to control than another, but wise training will count.
So many cases come to my attention in which the child has the habit of laughing when spoken to.
For example, one mother writes to me:

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Our little two-year-old son often just laughs at us when we want him to do things. This morning I wanted him to go upstairs with me and he laughed, saying he didn't want to. Finally coaxing him a long time I had to go off without him. How can I get him out of this habit?
Your little son unfortunately has been allowed to get the idea from someone that it is clever to disobey. It is absolutely essential to see that he receives no further impressions in this direction.
After definitely deciding you want him to do a certain thing do not ask him if he wants to at all. For example, if you are going to town, simply make preparations to go. Let him see that you are getting ready and announce to him beforehand something like this: "We are going to town this morning; you can play a little while and I shall tell you when I am ready."
Do not start to offer any reasons why he should want to go; simply assume he is going. If he should offer any objections do not make any reply to them at all. I find that many parents are inclined to weaken at this point. They start to arguing the case. But this is wrong from the standpoint of securing obedience.
You cannot get a child to obey you in a really satisfactory way unless he is friendly. Therefore pay special attention to gaining and keeping the good will of the child. Your firm attitude of expectancy then will have greater effect.
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NEWEST THINGS IN SCIENCE.
In an endeavor to increase the rice production of the Philippines the insular government is colonizing fertile valleys with natives taken from more densely populated localities.
According to an English scientist's theory, if the radium in the interior of the earth equals in quantity that in the surface rocks, the world will grow hotter in time instead of colder.
Specially designed clips enable anti-aircraft chains to be placed around motor truck tires at an angle, like tractor driving wheel cleats, to lessen shocks and increase the grip on the road.
A recently invented attachment for coin in the slot devices automatically divides the money dropped into it between the owner and lessee of a machine and expels defective coins.
Two French bacteriologists contend that modern ventilating systems are dangerous to human health, as they distribute disease germs in places where otherwise there would be but few.

What Every Bachelor Wishes

By Helen Rowland

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"I Know Lots of Nice Eligible Bachelors Who Wish They Had Somebody to Miss Them, and Write to Them, and Pray for Them, and Weep Over Them."

DEAR MISS ROWLAND:
I am a bachelor—between thirty-one and forty-five—and expect to be called in Class I-A.

I am not bad looking, and have several thousand dollars, which I should like to leave to some sweet, good woman.

Now, if any of you bachelor girls are really ready to get married, let me hear from you.

(Signature deleted by the Censorship.)

My dear Boy:

I have your letter

And I understand just how you feel,

And I am truly very, VERY sorry for you!

Because all the good, sweet women I know are either married or getting married so rapidly that I simply couldn't help you snatch one—

In time!

And, besides, "sweet, good women" don't marry—just like that.

And by refusing to publish your name I am saving you from a horrible fate at the hands of some siren.

BUT—why didn't you "marry the girl" when you had the chance?

Because, if you are over thirty-one you MUST have met "THE girl"—

At least once!

Every man does! And you are not alone in your predicament.

I know lots and lots of nice, eligible bachelors between thirty-one and forty-five

Who feel just as YOU do!

And it has been the shock of their lives to discover that a wife is an asset instead of a liability.

And that there is, for once, no premium on single blessedness.

And that being YOKED to ONE woman is actually more desirable than being tangled up sentimentally with half a dozen women!

And now they wish with all their dear old ossified hearts

That they had not been so cautious and skilful and wily in dodging the girl they really wanted to marry.

And that they had somebody "dependent" on them—to keep them at home.

Or (if they are REAL men) somebody to miss them, and write to them, and pray for them, and weep over them and to keep the home fires burning for them after they are gone—and somebody to FIGHT for and somebody to come BACK to!

And they look back through the vista of the hollow years

And wonder what it was all about, anyway, and why they EVER preferred a motor car to a wife, and a loose rein to a hitching post, and the admiration of a lot of women to the adoration of just one—

In short, why they CHEATED themselves by exchanging the Kohinoor of Love and solid affection for a lot of tawdry little flirtations.

And in the first shock of their bewilderment

They are, like YOU, ready and eager to rush into a fool marriage

With ANY fluffly little thing.

Just because she happens to be handy and sympathetic and to smell of violet sachet and scented soap.

And that's why I feel so sorry for you—and for them!

Because, in your panic, you seem to forget that marriage is not like the food regulations, or the draft, or the coal regulations—just "for the duration of the war!"

It's for LIFE—usually!

And if you'll take my advice you'll wait until you come back.

And until you meet "the right girl"—again.

Because the world is FULL of "right girls" after all!

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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LEFT word for Jack to call here for me," said Miss Hickett, the engaged young lady, who was calling on Mrs. Jarr. "He's with Mr. Jarr, and I do wonder what is detaining them. You think the Navy Department has delayed him?" Mr. Silver was a yeoman in the Naval Reserves.
"You might as well begin to get used to it," said Mrs. Jarr.
"I don't think it's the Navy keeping him out late, and if it is, it is very mean of the Navy," remarked Miss Hickett. "He would never do such a thing if others didn't persuade him. If it isn't the Navy, it must be Mr. Jarr."
"Now, stop right there, Cora Hickett," said Mrs. Jarr. "You'll save yourself a great deal of worry, and you'll keep from encouraging the greatest fallacy that women suffer under, if you make up your mind right before your marriage, that if men go in bad company it is because they prefer it."
"Not that Mr. Jarr is bad company—on the contrary, Mr. Jarr is most likely trying to persuade your beau that he must hurry home with him because you are waiting."
"My Jack would need no such admonition," said Miss Hickett stiffly. "But he is so considerate, so good natured, so anxious to please the Navy and everybody, and make people happy, that he can be led anywhere."
"He wants to go," said Mrs. Jarr, finishing the sentence.
"Well, I can forgive him anything, but suppose the Navy would be angry with him?" whimpered Miss Hickett.
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "I never wanted Mr. Jarr to go anywhere with Jack Silver. All those bachelors are alike. They have no responsibilities and they scoff at respectable men who have."
"You are my best friend, Mrs. Jarr, but I will not—I CANNOT—permit you to traduce my dear, sweet boy, especially since he is now a hero!" said Miss Hickett feebly.
"Well, it's no use for you and me to quarrel over the respective moral qualities of either of the men," said Mrs. Jarr calmly. "I am sure Mr. Jarr will do your fame no harm. If Jack Silver has lived to be a bachelor of thirty or more, I feel sure he knows his way about. All I desire is to see you married and happy."
"I know I will be happy!" said Miss Hickett, ecstatically. "Who could not be happy with a perfect character like my own dear Jack? And, then, if he does go to France!"
Here Miss Hickett went through the performance of idling the engaged ment solitaire again. Cynics hold that this custom was occasioned by wise virgins tasting the diamond to see if it was alum.
"Well, I suppose I'll have to put up with it—till we are married," continued the engaged young lady, "but just let me see Jack Silver stay out this long without phoning me after I am Mrs. Silver. Maybe he is on a ship. They don't have telephones on ships, do they, wireless telephones?"
"Why, I never thought of that," said Mrs. Jarr with interest. "But then," and her face clouded, "if they did have wireless telephones on ships perhaps you could get no satisfaction—like telephoning to your husband's office, and they tell you he is in a conference, when they don't know where he is."
"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I wish I wasn't bound by my solemn pledge," sighed Miss Hickett. "I'd renounce Jack Silver at once, though I died of a broken heart. But, as I said, I have taken a solemn pledge."
"You'd better make Jack Silver take one," said Mrs. Jarr grimly. "I am beginning to feel that he is not a very good associate for Mr. Jarr."
"I won't let you talk that way," said Miss Hickett. "But, as Jack is wearing his uniform, and no one is permitted to censure intoxicated men at a table where there is a man in uniform."
"Well, then, Mr. Jarr is safe, too," said Mrs. Jarr sharply.
Miss Hickett was a sensible girl, though at times her conversation might not lead one to believe it. She dropped the air of injured innocence, and, in matter of fact tones, remarked:
"Of course, I'll have to put up with Jack not keeping his appointments so long as we are engaged, but when I'm married to him what shall I do?"
"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "of course one is worried to death, especially when a husband has his week's salary. But when you do see or hear him coming at last, you turn out the light and jump into bed and pretend to be asleep."
"But he may see the light as he comes up the street—before one puts it out. Maybe he'll know one is not asleep," said Miss Hickett.
"Of course, that's the point!" said the experienced matron. "Then he'll commence to explain, but you mustn't answer till you see him weaken and lose his false confidence and bravado. Then pitch in and give it to him!"
"Oh, I can hardly wait till I'm married to tell Jack Silver what I really think of him!" cried the dear girl. "And I wouldn't care whether he was a hero or not!"